



LATIN SCHOOL
REGISTER

Scholastic Jewelers

INC.



"Official Jewelers of Class of 1944"



5174-78 Washington Street

Boston



150 High Street, corner Oliver St.

Mimeograph.

Bonds

Ledgers

Envelopes

Paper Specialties

TELEPHONE HANCOCK 7433

Please mention The Register

The Latin School Register

Member
Columbia Scholastic Press Association

Final Issue

Vol. XLIII

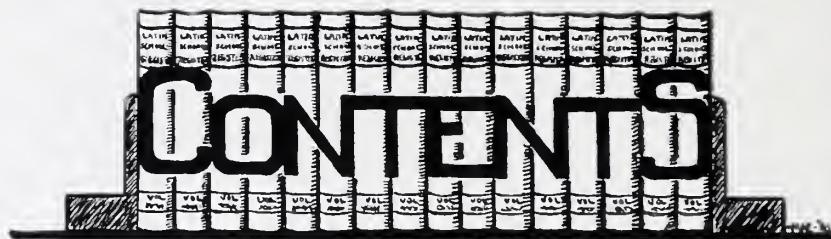
June, 1944

No. 6

PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY, AUGUST
AND SEPTEMBER BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL, AVENUE
LOUIS PASTEUR, BOSTON, MASS.

TERMS: One dollar twenty-five cents per year; by mail
one dollar and fifty cents. Entered as second class
matter October 12, 1898 at the Post Office at Boston,
Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Advertising
rates on application. Contributions solicited from
undergraduates. All contributions must be plainly,
neatly, and correctly written, on one side of the paper
only. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard
to the needs of the paper and the merits of the
manuscript.





No animal lover can fail to appreciate the deep sense of devotion in Leonard Greenbaum's	FLUFFY	Page 3
Spring comes, and with it—The Amateur Gardener. J. W. Kelly explains why and how in	GARDENING	Page 5
At some time or other, we all desire to be a private detective, but see what happens in Henry Pinsker's	THE SLEUTH	Page 6
Charles Wakstein brings the horror of war closer to home in	PHOTOGRAPHIC RECCO	Page 9
It may be somewhat absurd, but stranger things have happened than	THE CASE OF THE MISSING RECORDS	Page 13
An experience still fresh in the mind of every senior is the subject of R. M. Hunter's	WATCH THE BIRDIE	Page 20
Have you done anything notable lately? No? Well, read about your classmates who have	LATIN PERSONALITIES	Page 12
Review some of the highlights of our first basketball team in many years	SPORTS	Page 15
More news about B.L.S. grads who are upholding our illustrious name in all fields of endeavor	ALUMNI NOTES	Page 19
Some little known facts about Latin School's early history. Read	DO YOU KNOW THAT	Page 21

FLUFFY

It was dark as Donald's mother tiptoed into her son's room. Quietly she took a small bundle of white fur from her coat pocket and put it into a little padded box. Donald turned over in his sleep, and the little puppy's ear cocked up. Quietly Don's mother walked from the room.

Morning came and sunlight streamed into the room. The puppy awoke and gave a lonely whimper. Then he walked around the room and sniffed at every object until he came to the bed. There, a sandy-haired boy with blue eyes and red cheeks was rubbing his eyes and looking at the dog. The pup barked and backed away but became calm when the little boy smiled and beckoned to him. Reassured, he jumped up on the bed. From then on they were friends. At first Don just looked at the dog. It was a little white dog with curly hair and a tail that never ceased to wag. His eyes twinkled with friendliness; and his cold nose was ever sniffing. This was Don's dog.

When Don went out of his room, he found his mother crying. Although only five, he knew what was wrong. His father wasn't home. Often, when he was a baby, his father had come home late in the morning after being out all night. He would stagger in with a flushed face hardly able to stand up. His mother would say he was sick, but the neighbors would whisper "drunk." She wiped away her tears and tried to smile as Don happily came in with the dog at his heel. "Gosh, who brought him, Mom?"

"God, darling," replied Don's mother.

"He did? Well, what shall we call him? Oh, he's so nice and fluffy!"

"Fluffy. . . that will be his name," she said.

Don went to sleep that night much at peace, although his father was not yet home. His mother had cried herself to sleep. He was awakened during the night by yelps and ugly curses. He ran sleepily into the hall. There his father was kicking Fluffy and cursing every one. His mother began to weep and tried to urge his father into the bedroom. Finally satisfied with having hurt the dog, he stumbled into his room, fell across the bed, and was soon asleep. Donny picked up the still form of his puppy and laid him on his bed. Then he washed the dog's body and stroked him till his eyes opened and Fluffy wagged his tail. The boy began to cry, and the mother forgot her own troubles and tried to comfort her son. Soon Don fell asleep.

Later, whenever Don's father came home, he swore he would get rid of the dog. One day, in a fit of drunken rage, he seized the dog and threw him onto the back seat of his automobile. The door of the car swung open as it pulled away from the curb. Don's father turned and slammed the door shut. There was one little yelp. Immediately Don's father became sober and looked around. There on the floor lay the still body of Fluffy, his nose caught in the door. He picked up the dog and stroked it tenderly. Then he sped regardless of other cars to the animal hospital. He remained with the dog until it died. Don's father returned that night, humble and penitent. As his son slept, he removed a little bundle of white fur from his pocket and placed it in the old dog's bed. It was Fluffy II.

LEONARD GREENBAUM, '48

★ ★
What You Buy With
WAR STAMPS
 ★ ★

Gas masks which came into use in warfare for the first time when the Germans used poison and mustard gas in World War I, are much improved today over those used then. The Chemical Warfare Branch of the War Department issues these gas masks to every man in the service. We are taking no chances.



The type pictured here is the "can" and "elephant nose" mask and costs about \$9.25 each. The headgear is transparent, made of material resembling cellophane and does not cloud with the breath. You can buy two of these gas masks with the purchase of an \$18.75 War Bond. We need thousands of them. The Nation's school children should make any reasonable sacrifice to buy War Bonds and Stamps. *U. S. Treasury Department*

With the annual summer recess just around the corner, the purchase of war bonds and stamps is likely to lag. This must not happen! Most boys and girls will have jobs and will be earning more money in one week than their fathers at a comparable age earned in a month. The impulse will be to squander this hard-earned money on luxuries. Now, more than ever before, our Government needs the financial backing of every citizen. That means you!

"A chain is only as strong as its weakest link", says an old proverb, and that link must not be *you!* Every dime, every

quarter, and every dollar that we can spare should be loaned to Uncle Sam. What could be a better investment than a United States War Bond? What could make us prouder to know that we are Americans, than to *lend* our money while our fathers, brothers, uncles, and friends *are giving* their lives. The personal satisfaction of knowing that we are doing our share, even in a small way, should make us want to purchase War Bonds and stamps to the utmost of our ability.

As a stone rolls down a hill, it gathers momentum. The more money we loan our government, the greater the might of our armed forces becomes, the sooner our loved ones come home to us, and the more lasting will be the peace.

Let's keep up the good work we have done during the school year in purchasing War Bonds and stamps.

Destroyers are the "Greyhounds of the Sea." Unarmored, these sleek, deadly ships depend upon their speed to protect them from enemy fire. Besides their guns, they carry torpedoes and depth charges. Modern destroyers burn oil and 50 cents, the price of two 25-cent War Stamps, will pay for enough fuel to drive a destroyer one mile.



Maybe you can't be aboard a destroyer when it bears down on a U-boat, but you can have the satisfaction of knowing that the money you loan Uncle Sam through the purchase of War Stamps may be providing the fuel that is turning the ship's propellers. Get in the swing of your Schools At War Program. Buy War Stamps regularly.

U. S. Treasury Department

GARDENING

It is late April. Nature is casting off the last vestiges of winter. Spring is becoming evident. The trees are budding, and the dullness of winter is yielding to the verdure of spring. However, there is other evidence, evidence that proves beyond doubt. This is the amateur gardener.

Bursting out of doors with the first rays of the spring sunlight, he is a sight. His first hour is spent in transporting his equipment from the dark recesses of his cellar to the scene of action. Since he must first establish a beach-head from where he can plan and carry on large scale operations, he viciously attacks a portion of his future garden. Having a hazy idea of what he is doing, he proceeds fairly well. This act completed, he can now lay a garden out on large scale.

His equipment is next in order. Being a gardener of the highest calibre, he naturally has the best of equipment. A dozen spades of various sizes, pitchforks, hoes, rakes, and different types of cultivators are placed in orderly fashion near the scene of operations. A couple of hundred feet of garden hose lies nearby, ready for immediate action. Bushels of seeds are piled in neat rows. All is in readiness.

Working feverishly, he attacks the soil with renewed energy. He has waited through the dark winter for this moment. By about noon he is ready for planting. This is done with amazing ease, thanks to the "How to Be a Gardener in Six Easy Lessons" handbook he carries at all times. At last all is completed. The garden is planted. All he has to do now is to spend six to eight hours a day weeding and caring for it, buy a shotgun to hold off all who envy him, and in general, devote his life for the next four months

to his garden. Any observer can see him, whether it be seven in the morning or seven at night, toiling in his domain.

Let us step over a few months of this type of life, and look in upon results of his labor. It is his harvest time. He will now be rewarded for his work with the food supply necessary for the coming winter. He toils endlessly for a few weeks, just looking for the vegetables that he thought he was growing. Potatoes, carrots, turnips, and the like are finally located and taken from the ground. He is surprised to find that they are already dehydrated. So progresses the harvest period. His total garden output is so much less than the input that he is speechless. His faith is shaken. He begins to suspect that there is more to gardening than meets the eye. In a terrific rage, he tears up his copy of "How to Be a Gardener in Six Easy Lessons", chews up each individual foot of his garden hose, and proceeds to mash all of his tools to a pulp. He is all through. There will be no more gardening for him. He resigns violently from Local 69, United Gardeners of America, and turns in his button and membership card. He is through.

As the dark winter sets in, however, the effects of such terrific failure wear off. He unsuspectingly resumes his reading of gardening literature. He is reinstated in Local 69, purchases a complete new line of tools and equipment, and a few more acres of land. It is the same thing every year, and the amateur gardener may be seen any day from April to September, toiling in a blissful, unsuspecting lethargy, dreaming of his harvest, and how he will not have to buy any vegetables next winter. Oh, yeah?

J. W. KELLEY, '44

THE SLEUTH

A few minutes after a call reporting that a body had been found, R. George Sequor, amateur detective, appeared. The officer who had preceded him to the scene of the crime refused to allow him to view the carcass.

When a fellow-officer arrived, the two patrolmen had a glorious time searching for clues. Indeed, they were disappointed to find no strips of cloth with incriminating laundry-marks. No suspicious articles or marks were in evidence, and the one carefully planted footprint bore no tread or heel marks. Having read many novels, R. George Sequor scraped the surrounding countryside into a small bag, which he carried for the purpose.

In his private laboratory, when he carefully scrutinized each particle, he discovered, on one twig, a finger-print belong to Dan Doole, villain first-class. The unfortunate victim who had been found was probably one of the rare persons who had not been saved in the nick-of-time. R.G.S. exercised the grey-matter under his black hair, and pulled on his dark moustache. He surmised that Dan Doole, who was usually caught before he could chain the poor young thing to the railroad track, had lifted the twig in order to facilitate making a distinct print for the benefit of the police. In his private edition of "Who's Who," he found sixteen addresses that might be of advantage in tracking down the perpetrator of this vile crime.

With no further ado, he departed to inspect each of the possible hideouts. A cigarette drooped from his mouth, but he skillfully kept it from falling onto his bright yellow coat. Although he tried to look ferocious, efficient, and hard-boiled, children talked to him and kittens rubbed against his legs.

At one decaying house, his effort to climb calmly to the roof was rewarded. In a dark attic room some friendly thugs were playing cards. When the fifth ace had been drawn, and the ensuing brawl had subsided, Dan Doole began talking. From his talk came the suggestion as to why they had killed her: they could use her six pairs of nylons. At that disclosure, R. George Sequor and several dozen shingles left the roof together. Now realizing that they had been watched, the criminals dashed down the stairs, seized the detective's car, and were off. Our agile hero swung onto the bumper, jimmied open the trunk, and folded his short body into it.

On this wild jerky ride, Sequor heard enough to make him aware that they knew the identity of the roof-top spy. Upon reaching the new hideout, R. G. Sequor rolled from the trunk onto the sidewalk. He considered the plan of the crooks to end his life. If he did nothing, the assassins would finish him at his home. If he left a note in the car, they would read it. Accordingly, he wrote a memo indicating he would be at home that night, and left it in the car.

R. George Sequor skillfully figured that these brilliant criminals, suspecting a trap, would keep away from the house. Sitting peacefully at home, he squirmed with pleasure as he thought of the would-be killers scouring the countryside to find him. He gloated even more as he visualized the expression on the face of his rival when he, R. George Sequor, revealed the one and only clue in the case of the murdered model. After he had safely hidden the twig with the incriminating fingerprint, he returned to his comfortable chair.

But R. George Sequor did not notice a sinister shadow on the wall. Suddenly the shadow took substance in the form of Dan Doole, gun in hand. Before he could reach for his own, the fiend pulled the trigger twice and silently fled. Clever R. George Sequor fell to the floor, his handsome black head neatly punctured and stained with red.

When his body was discovered by a milkman two weeks later, he was dead! As the only clue was gone with him, police had no idea as to the killer. Thus, the hero was buried and the villain continued being a villain.

The moral (1) Don't ever trust crooks: they may believe the obvious. (2) Read, but don't try to write mysteries.

HENRY PINSKER, '46

MY WANTS IN SCHOOL

To sleep in bed and break the rule
Called tardiness at Latin School.

To sit around in class all day
And once a month receive my pay.

To study when I think I should,
To make my conduct mark read "good".

To have my teachers think I'm fine
And make my average—ninety-nine!

DAVID P. LYONS, '48

PISMO DECIDES

The smoky fog slowly settled on the murky earth, as once again the sound of the explosion faded. Three times before, the noise had shattered the silence of the sultry afternoon. Three times before, three good men had been liquidated. The cards didn't look so good for our hero. But was Pismo Algonquin Frump discouraged? No, sir! Once again Pismo returned to the attack!

Bravely he lifted his face to the foe. Once again he saw the enemy. Would HE be hit this time? Down, down, down, like a flaming meteor came the missile

of death. What could he do? Could he run? No. He would surely be hit then. There was only one alternative: to stand up like a man and take it!!

Slowly, struggling against the impulse to run and hide, our hero, Pismo Algonquin Frump, staggered to his feet. But then, the death blow struck!

The teacher's face, up to that moment clouded with the terrible wrath of Satan, beamed down upon Pismo. "Frump, you imbecile," the teacher shouted, "stand up like a man! RECITE!!"

MERRILL R. LOVINGER, '45

The plates for The Latin School Register
were produced by

Capitol Engraving

286 Congress Street, Boston

AWARD TO REGISTER

For the third successive year, the *Register* has been awarded a second place rating in the annual contest conducted by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. Considering the difficult conditions under which the *Register* is published, the staff is to be congratulated on their achievement in national competition.

The magazine is written by a very small group of boys, who supply all the literary and art material. The work is done entirely by these few, as a purely extracurricular activity, with the faculty adviser merely approving or rejecting

the material submitted. Thus the *Register* stands or falls on what the students—and the students only—make it.

If any of its readers—masters or boys—believe, with Mr. Marson, that the school should publish a magazine of much higher quality, they may help achieve the desired result. The way to make the *Register* the best school publication in the country is to induce those boys who are capable of writing, drawing, or photographing acceptable material to contribute their talents for the benefit of B.L.S.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON 15, MASSACHUSETTS

Offers day and evening college courses for men and women.

LIBERAL ARTS

ENGINEERING

BUSINESS

LAW

Pre-Medical, Pre-Dental and Pre-Legal Programs

Cooperative and Full-time Plans Available.

Appropriate degrees conferred.

Earn While You Learn.

FOR CATALOG — MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Director of Admissions

Boston 15, Massachusetts

Please send me a catalog of the

- ☐ College of Liberal Arts
☐ College of Engineering
☐ College of Business Administration
☐ School of Law
☐ Evening School of Business

- ☐ Evening—College of Liberal Arts
☐ Day Pre-Medical Program
☐ Day Pre-Dental Program
☐ Day and Evening Pre-Legal Programs

Name

Address

H-17B (Street) (City or Town) (P. O. Numerals) (State)

Please mention the Register

PHOTOGRAPHIC RECCO

The colonel's good luck wishes were ringing in Ralph Warren's ears as he levelled his Mustang off at 25,000 feet. As he checked his instruments, his eye fell on the gas gauge, and his thoughts turned to the auxiliary tank slung under the Mustang's body. These would enable him to make the round trip to Manila from Base F. Periodically his sharp eyes combed the cloudless sky for enemy air craft. There were none.

He came in out of the sun and took his pictures in the face of ineffective flak from the boats in the harbor and from the ground defenses. However, there were no challenging aircraft. His mission completed, Ralph headed for Base F.

As the Mustang rocketed across the sky, a line of jagged holes stitched itself across one wing of the unarmed Mustang. Bullets and cannon shells spanged viciously through the windshield and into the instrument panel, which was made a shambles. Instinctively Ralph poured on the coal and, banging the plane on its prop, headed upstairs. Then he felt a sharp pain in his lower right leg. When he looked back, he saw the Zeros heading into the sun and also saw his auxiliary gas tank falling into the sea. The attackers had shot it away.

Radioing his position to Base F on the rapidly failing battery, he took off his shoe and stocking and inspected the wound. Although it wasn't bleeding much, it was swollen and ached intensely.

He poured sulfa on it and tied it up. Then he pushed the Mustang to its ceiling and resignedly waited for the motor to quit.

When it did, he rolled the plane over and fell out. When he hit water, he cut loose his 'chute and crawled weakly into his inflated life raft. The sea water had caused excruciating pain to his wounded leg, and he now lay exhausted in his raft, hoping for rescue.



The sound of a plane's motor awoke him from a nervous sleep. It was still dark. Jubilant at the thought of rescue, he broke out his Vergy pistol and fired a star shell into the air. The plane seemed to be coming nearer! Yes, it was! It dropped a magnesium flare, and the world turned white. Then Ralph saw it was a Zero!

It "buzzed" the raft once and left a lifeless body near a sinking raft in the bloody water.

CHARLES WAKSTEIN, '44





Literary Staff

Executive Board

Richard L. Sidman, Chairman
 Arnold L. Goldsmith
 Charles H. Karas
 Herbert Glazer

Literary . . .

Charles Wakstein
 Robert M. Hunter
 J. W. Kelley
 Merrill R. Lovinger
 Henry Pinsker
 Leonard Greenbaum
 David P. Lyons
 A. L. Goldsmith

Columns . . .

Brendan P. MacGovern
 David Yarosh

Sports . . .

Saul Rosen

Art . . .

Henry Steeger
 Deane Georgeadis
 Sarle Resnick
 Alan R. Bush

Literary Adviser . . .

Mr. Philip Marson

Business Staff

Business Manager . . .

Richard L. Sidman

Circulation Manager

Charles H. Karas

Associate Circulation Manager

David Yarosh

Advertising Manager . . .

Herbert Glazer

Assistant Advertising Mgr.

Stanley Kaden
 Donald Burns

Assistant Circulation Mgrs.

Norton Fishman
 Robert Stiller
 Stanley Fox

Circulation Assistants . . .

Stanley Cohen
 Phillip Shapiro

Advertising Assistants . . .

Leo Karas
 Sheldon Seevak
 Leonard Robinson
 Basil Vafiades
 Harry H. Haveles

Business Adviser . . .

Mr. Paul J. Weners

YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY CARD

WHEN TO GET IT

Get a social security card *only* if you go to work on a job that is covered by Social Security Act—a job for a store, office, factory, hotel, filling station, telephone company, or other business or industry. *Don't* get a card if you go to work on a farm, in a private home, in any nonprofit religious, charitable, or educational organization, or for the city, county, State, or Federal Government. Such jobs are not covered by the Social Security Act, and a social security card will be of no use to you in such employment.

WHERE TO GET IT

You can get your social security card at any field office of the Social Security Board. Your school, your employer, or your post office will tell you where the field office is.

WHAT TO DO WITH IT

Your social security card has *your* number on it: no other person's card has the

same number. Report your number to your employer, to every employer, part-time or full-time, provided it is a job covered by the act.

Your employer must put your number beside your name when he makes his report to the Government showing your wages and social security premiums.

WHY HOLD ON TO IT

The number on your card identifies your social security account. You will need it whenever you take a job that is covered by the act. You will need it when you file a claim for monthly payments. *So keep it safe.* To make doubly sure, take off the lower half, or stub, and put it in some place where you can always find it. If you should lose your card, take or send the stub to the field office and get a *duplicate* card. *Don't* get a new number. Make sure you get the *same* number. One card, one number—for a lifetime!

(Printed at request of Social Security Board, Washington)

SCHOOL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE

SESSIONS BEGIN APRIL 5

Pre-Veterinary School Sessions Begin April 5 and August 7

• • •

Prepare for a successful career in Veterinary Medicine! High school graduates may enroll in the one-year pre-veterinary course. Middlesex offers standard courses leading to D.V.M. degree. Veterinary Medicine will present attractive opportunities in private practice after the war.

Write for catalog: EDGAR A. CROSSMAN, M.D.V., Dean, Waltham, Mass.

MIDDLESEX UNIVERSITY

LATIN PERSONALITIES

James G. Couthaylis (118), and Hakan Lindgren (118) made newspaper headlines a short while ago for having found and returned a leather handbag containing \$109.01. They spotted it in a parking lot behind the Boston Opera House and, on turning it over to the police, learned that it belonged to Miss Katherine Wild of 103 Hemenway Street. "Honesty is the Best Policy" is their motto.

* * *

James J. Sullivan (219), now of Harvard College, was awarded by the American Legion first prize in oratory for the state of Massachusetts. He was given a check for \$100 and the privilege of speaking in the Area Contest on April 11, 1944 at Lynn Classical High School. If he is the winner, he will speak in the Regional and then the National Contest, which gives him a chance for a \$4000 scholarship.

* * *

Kevin F. MacGovern (219), spoke in historic Faneuil Hall on March 31, 1944 in the *Record-American and Sunday Advertiser*, John Paul Jones Oratorical Contest. He placed second and was awarded a fifty-dollar War Bond.

* * *

The Camera Club, under Mr. Carroll's able direction, has meetings every other Tuesday. They were fortunate to have Mr. Taylor show them some of his kodachrome slides and color movies recently. The officers of the club are: Sarle Resnick (335), President; John J. Waite (208), Vice-President, and Daniel Farmer (208), Treasurer.

* * *

On Thursday evening March 16, 1944, the Boston Latin School Debating Society met Boston College High School

on the subject "Resolved: That the coming national election be postponed for the duration." The speakers for Latin included William D. Gillis (304), Peter F. Hines (208), Kevin F. MacGovern (219), and James J. Sullivan (219). Latin was adjudged the winner, and Kevin MacGovern the outstanding speaker. The musical interlude was furnished by Julius Praglin (210) and Buckner Gamby (216).

* * *

A group of high school students between the ages of fifteen and eighteen are well on the way to permanent radio broadcasting over WBZ at 4:00 P.M. Saturdays. Kevin F. MacGovern (219) is treasurer and official announcer for the broadcast. Latin School boys to be heard in the near future are Leonard Rose (302) and Buckner Gamby (216). Students may be auditioned between 4:30 and 5:00, any Saturday at Station WBZ, Hotel Bradford.

* * *

Members of Classes I, II and III recently had the privilege of hearing Captain John Gately, '41, who had the distinction of being the first man wounded on Guadalcanal. He gave a short, interesting talk on his experiences. He was followed by Ex-Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, a Latin graduate of 60 years ago, who gave the group an inspiring speech on initiative and courage.

* * *

William Gallagher, President of Class I, is now at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, and in his absence, the presiding officer at the Class Day exercises was Kevin MacGovern (219), Secretary-Treasurer of the Class.

The following were selected for the exercises: CLASS WILL: Robert David Landy (334) and Henry Alan Steeger

(304), CLASS PROPHECY: William Rosen (301) and Martin I. Mondlick (301), CLASS ORATION: Herbert Lipner Shulman (334), CLASS SONG: William Joseph

Hart (304). The Speaker was Lt. Commander Paul A. Dever, '19. Paul Edward Pretiz (334) gave a piano solo.



THE CASE OF THE MISSING RECORDS

"Miss Jones, have the summary record cards placed on my desk by eleven o'clock."

"Yes, sir," the secretary answered.

The headmaster leaned back in his chair and began leisurely to scan the morning paper. It was a pleasure to have a moment of relaxation. Mechanically, his eye wandered across the page. "I wonder if Dick Tracy—"

"Mr. Mowers, Mr. Mowers, the records—they seem to have disappeared!" The high-pitched, frightened voice of the secretary shattered the calm serenity of the office.—"I haven't touched them in two days. What could have happened?"

Although interrupted in the midst of his profound problem, the headmaster sprang to action. A quick search of the files verified that something was amiss. He searched vainly for a plausible explanation. He had not been near the files himself, and, for the last few days his other secretary had been at home because of a cold. There remained but one thing to do. He snatched the telephone and dialed DEV 1212. The voice at the other end of the line promised to send a man right away.

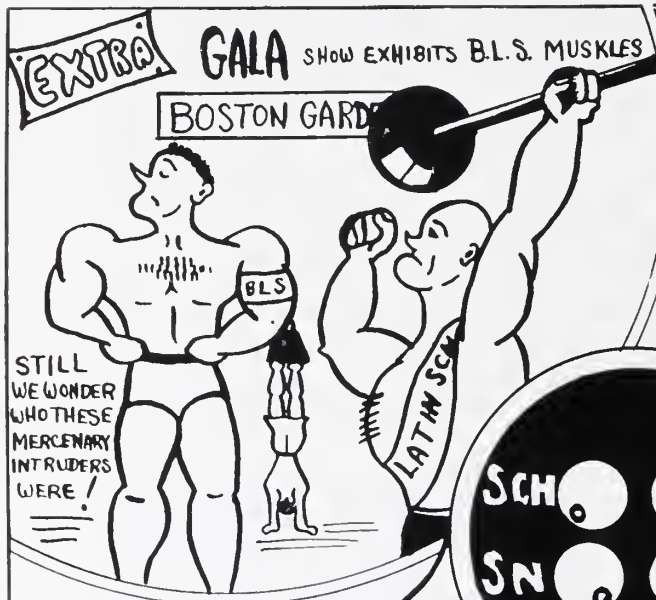
A half-hour later, Inspector Margold of Station 34 arrived, and made a quick search of the office. The records were obviously missing. Margold, as astute

a policeman as any on the force, immediately suspected the Senior class (the inspector was a Latin School graduate). However, the headmaster had more faith in his pupils and could not believe them capable of so heinous a crime. Besides, he did not wish to call them for questioning unless absolutely necessary, for he realized how diligently they were studying for finals. At first, the inspector stubbornly refused to consider any other possibility, but the Headmaster's assurance to the contrary finally began to have its effect. Eagerly, they searched for clues and possible explanations, but without headway. The records had disappeared without a trace.

At this point, there was a knock on the door, and in stepped a kindly old man with a large package in his arms. "Excuse me for interrupting," he said, "but I'm returning the records which the School Committee borrowed. By the way, how is your secretary feeling? Noticing that she wasn't well when I came for this package the other day, I advised her to go home and rest up for a while."

Soon afterwards, the peaceful routine of the Latin School was resumed. The Headmaster sank back into his chair, and once more picked up his paper. "I wonder if Dick Tracy—"

R. L. SIDMAN, '45



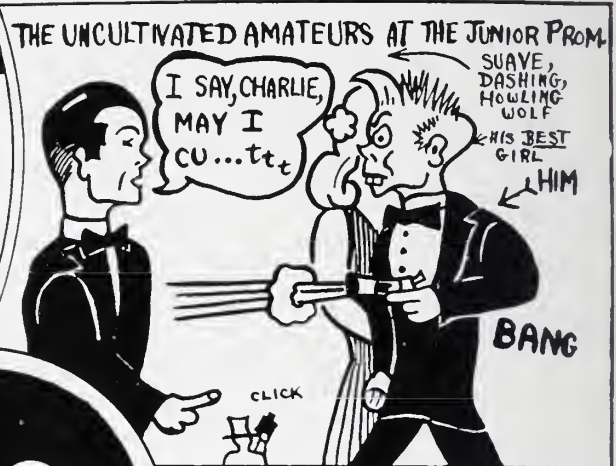
STILL WE WONDER WHO THESE MERCENARY INTRUDERS WERE!

BLS HAS A BAND

— IT'S A PICCOLO IF YOU CAN'T SEE IT —



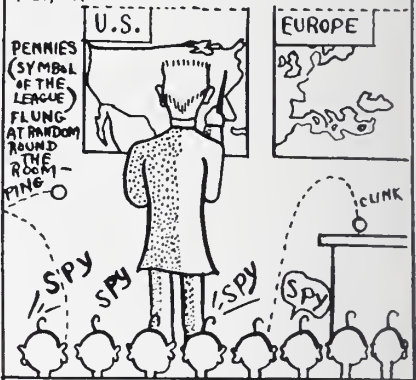
"THE WAY OF ALL FLESH" (ALL DIMENSIONS)



THE LITTLE CULPRITS whose ignoble reputation is widespread for the subversive activities they conduct...



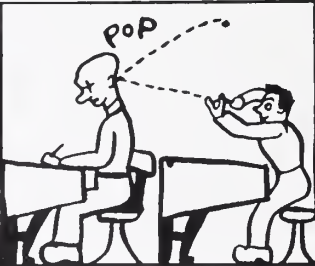
WHILE TEACHER STRUGGLES TO TEACH...



... the secret organization of five home rooms known in the school as the "AGGA" — why isn't something done about it!



Johnny J. Jones Worked sweat from his bones So's not to waste moans O'er cards in red tones



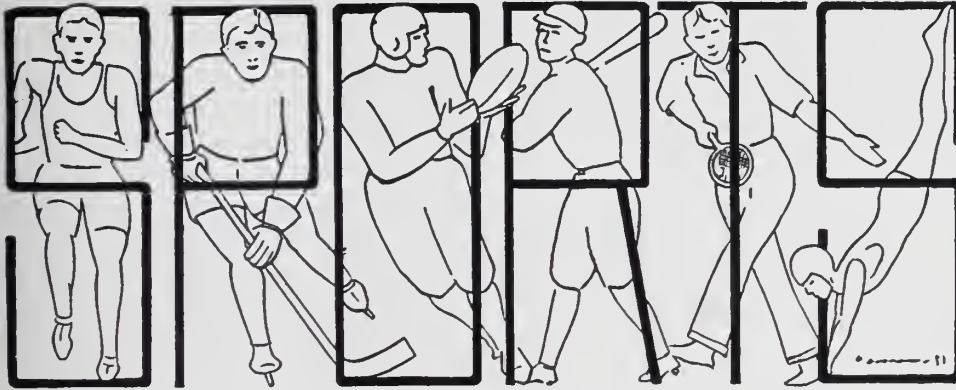
While shooting spitballs Was young Bill McGalls Though taking great falls Aspired for Fame - Halls



And Bill McGalls, the meek little freak Has never once yet been up the creek For the peak of success he did seek That nets a cool fifty grand a week



Now Johnny J., the erudite jerk Entered the world and found his soft work Does he work like a Turk? His job has no quirk For he shovels soft coal for old Mr. Burke



Purple First String Romps 36-20

Latin Jayvees Stun Dorchester Seconds, 34-10

Against B.L.S. the Dorchester High first stringers attempted to put up a "stick-to-your-man-like-glue" defense. The result of this innovation was a close and rough contest with the boys from Avenue Louis Pasteur taking twenty-three trips to the free throw line.

Dorchester started off well and chalked up two points on a baffling breakaway. Fouled in the act of shooting, "Bob" Woolf caged one of the two charity tosses. Dorchester duplicated their opening basket with another "swisher" and led, 4-1. Leaping high into the stratosphere to snare Savage's rebound, "Chet" Wolfe spun to his left and split the strings with a clever one-handed push shot. The other Woolf sent Latin out ahead by one point, when his hook shot from the right hand corner found its way into the Dorchester hoop. Undismayed, the Dorchester center took a pass from his guard and nonchalantly caged a beautiful two-handed long one from half court. For the next two minutes Latin, by far the taller quintet, had complete possession of the sphere, but could not seem to manufacture a basket. Finally, with but thirty seconds of the period remaining, "Bob" Woolf added

two points to his team's total on the identical shot that he had made earlier in the period. In this first stanza Latin attempted fourteen field goals, of which three were successful; in the foul department the Purple had 20% average with one completion out of five tries.

Chester Wolfe, once again the "Johnny-on-the-spot," thrust his long arms into the midst of a surging mass of humanity concentrated beneath the Dorchester basket. Emerging with the "pumpkin", he promptly proceeded to send it on its way. This basket brought the score to Latin-9; Dorchester-6. A "Chet" Wolfe foul and a basket by "Bob" Woolf on a nifty pass from Vanderslice put Latin in the lead, 12-6.

Outstanding in his ability to retrieve the ball of the Latin backboard and playing an exceptional all-around court game was the tennis and track star. "Matt" Branche. Matthew, starting at guard in the place of Lauren Young (who, incidentally has passed on to greener fields—Northeastern), gave constant demonstration of his high-jumping technique while on the defense and exhibited "track-like" efficiency when the Purple found itself on the offensive.

"Bert" Rodman, substituting for "Jim" Savage, went off his feet to push in a left-handed shot from the vicinity of the foul line. Latin was ahead, 14-6. From this point on, the contest developed into

a rout, and it is therefore unnecessary to describe any further action.

After two successive defeats, our Jayvees paced by "Dave" Weinstein and "Fran" Collins—beat Dorchester soundly, 34-10.

Lineup First String					
Player, pos.	G	F	Pts.		
	Shots	Tried	Goal	S.T.	G
Wolfe, c	11	2	6	1	5
Woolf, r.f.	15	5	9	5	15
Branche, r.g.	7	2	0	0	4
Savage, l.f.	4	0	3	0	0
Van'slice, l.g.	1	0	0	0	0
Rodman, l.f.	8	3	2	0	6
Hurd, c	0	0	1	1	1
Jones, r.g.	1	0	0	0	0
We'in, N. l.g.	2	1	0	0	2
Tessier, l.f.	2	1	1	1	3
Salett, l.f.	0	0	1	0	0

51 shots attempted; 14 good

23 fouls attempted; 8 good

36 total points

Trade Shaves Purple: 20-19

In the season's most hectic encounter, a "wild and woolly" affair that had the crowd screaming and roaring from start to finish, the Trade quintet edged our Purple and White five 20-19. The contest was marred by several violent outbursts on the part of players and coaches against the referees.

Before fans and team were able to catch their breath, Trade had jumped into a four-point lead with two sparkling baskets. Regaining consciousness, Latin pulled up to within two points of a tie on a "Bob" Woolf-to-Rodman pass, and the subsequent basket by the latter gentleman. Grossberg, the best offensive player the Purple had encountered, caged a long two-hander from mid-court. The score was now Trade 6; Latin 2. "Bert" Rodman, fouled on the act of shooting, sank one of two free throws to bring his total and that of the team

to a measly three digits. The period witnessed no further scoring and the teams rested, with Trade ahead 6-3. A stellar Trade defense, as difficult to pierce as the German defenses at Anzio, allowed the Latin legions to attempt only six field goals—of which one found its mark. One of two fouls was good.

With their center running wild, Trade jumped into an 11-3 lead immediately after the horn for the second period. In desperation, Coach Patten inserted Vanderslice at center to cover "this Trade collosus." Woolf and Wolfe snapped out of their lethargy and between them managed to pull the Latin total to eight, while Vanderslice did a magnificent job of covering the aforementioned Grossberg, and thereby stifling the Trade attack. The batting average for the second period was one of nine shots and three of four fouls completed.

Savage and Woolf auspiciously began the third stanza's festivities by each caging a foul toss and raising Latin's point accumulation to ten. Grossberg outfoxed "Vander" for the first time and scored an unassisted long shot. Rodman kept the Latins within one point of a draw by "potting" his own rebound from up close. Fighting every inch of the way, the Latin squad matched their opponents basket for basket, and the third period curtain rang down with Trade elutehing desperately to a slim 16-15 lead.

"Bob" Woolf sent the crowd into a frenzy of ecstatic bliss when he calmly knotted the count on a charity throw. Five-foot Jones was inserted to cover the Trade right forward—a definite six-footer. A capable guard though he is, "Jonesy" was hardly a match for this giant, and in less time than it takes to tell Trade was in the fore 20-16. A "Chet" Wolfe-to "Vander"-to "Bert" Rodman combination put Latin two points behind with two and one half

minutes to play. "Bob" Woolf, the human dynamo, once again electrified the crowd by caging a foul throw. The score stood at Trade-20; Latin-19.

With ten seconds to play, "Bert" Rodman, who enjoyed his best day of the season arched a gorgeous shot through the strings—Latin was ahead, so we thought—But the gods frowned upon the Purple standard, and the shot was disqualified because one of the two "blind mice" (colloquial for referee) claimed that he had blown his whistle before the shot. Bedlam, pandemonium, the Latin team, and the *Register* reporter

broke loose—to no avail. Final score: Trade-20; Latin-19.

LINEUP:			
Player	Goals	Fouls	Points
Wolfe	0	1	1
Woolf	2	5	9
Branche	0	0	0
Rodman	2	1	5
Vanderslice	1	0	2
Savage	1	0	2
Jones	0	0	0
Tessier	0	0	0
Salett	0	0	0
N. Weinstein	0	0	0
	6	7	19

Memorial Batters Latin: 57-50

(If this verse is worse
Than the Latin passing,
The writer deserves
Considerable sassing)

Right forward "Bob" Woolf,
The team's deadliest shot,
Prayed to Heaven
That today he'd be hot.

'Twas the day before Friday,
And all in the gym
Were sure they would see
A Latin School win.

"Van" and "Chet" Wolfe
Our two stellar guards,
Hoped their playing
Would equal their "pards'."

The Purple was playing
The Memorial five,
Whom the experts conceded
Small chance to survive.

The Green and Gold starters
From "Mama" Memorial
Were bent on effecting
A B.L.S. burial.

The B.L.S. lineup
Was almost the same
As had easily won
In the Dorchester game.

Our passing was bad
Our shooting awry,
And the first quarter ended
In a five-to-five tie.

"Matt" Branche, our tall center,
Of high-jumping fame,
Was playing that spot
For the second straight game.

Our rivals broke fast
From the period gun,
And their half-time total
Was a big twenty-one.

"Bert Rodman", at forward,
Of tennis renown,
Expected the Latins
Would soon "Go to town"

"Bob" Woolf was stymied
As were all our men,
And the B.L.S. ledger
Showed a lowly ten.

"How can we win?"
The crowd did shout,
"Our shots pop in,
But they roll right out."

Somewhere there is sunshine,
And the rooters do shout;
But there's no bliss at Latin. . .
Memorial won out.

Tough luck, dear Latin,
Your shooting was bad;
But, nevertheless,
You gave all you had.

You fought your hardest
Till the final gun,
But it must be admitted
The better team won.

Thirty-seven to thirty,
The referee droned.
"Alas!, the team lost,"
The onlookers moaned.

Player	Goals		Fouls		Points
	*S.A.	*S.G.	S.A.	S.G.	
Wolfe, l.g.	14	2	6	2	6
Woolf, r.f.	16	2	8	4	8
Branche, c	17	2	1	0	4
Van'slice, r.g.	3	1	0	0	2
Rodman, l.f.	14	2	4	2	6
Savage	4	2	0	0	4
Tessier	0	0	0	0	0
N. Weinstein	0	0	0	0	0
Jones	1	0	1	0	0
Salett	0	0	0	0	0
Hurd	1	0	0	0	0
	70	11	20	8	30

*S.A.—Shots Attempted

*S.G.—Shots Good

FRESHMEN, SOPHOMORES

living in Roxbury, Dorchester, or Mattapan, Franklin Park - Blue Hill Avenue area,

If interested in a retail clerk's job which

. . . Will NOT INTERFERE WITH STUDIES

. . . Will LAST DURING YOUR ENTIRE HIGH SCHOOL COURSE

TELEPHONE TAL. 7490, SUNDAY'S CANDIES

ALUMNI NOTES

[Rare indeed does a piece of reporting evoke such high praise as did the article on China by Theodore H. White, '36, in *Life*, issue of May first. "Teddy" White, twenty-five years old, has achieved international fame as a great reporter and as Chungking representative of *Time* magazine. As you read the three letters below—one by a keen, experienced critic of journalistic writing, the second by a famous globe-trotter recently in China, and the third by a man who spent most of his adult life in the Far East—remember that White was a boy in the Third Class of this school only ten years ago, and by applying his intelligence to the shaping of his life has succeeded in making a unique and significant contribution to the Allied effort.]

Quoted from *LIFE* of May 22, 1944.
"LIFE" LOOKS AT CHINA
Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you most sincerely on your May 1 article, "LIFE Looks at China," by Theodore H. White. It seems to me a perfect piece of reporting of just about as difficult a subject as anyone could take on and I am full of admiration. Such an article requires great professional integrity and moral resolution. You have, I am sure, done a service to the allied cause.

WALTER LIPPMANN

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I was fascinated by Theodore White's article on China. It is both revealing and clarifying.

WENDELL L. WILLKIE

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have read Mr. White's article on China carefully, with interest and, in the main, high approval. On my last trip to China I found a genuine desire

for cooperation between Americans and Chinese in building up Chinese industries, transportation systems, etc. The Chinese said very frankly that America was the only country that they felt they could deal with which had no territorial aims or desires or any intention of impinging in any way upon their sovereignty. The American is much more brotherly in his treatment of the Chinese than any of his European associates; the Chinese particularly resent the British attitude of superiority, which I think is most unfortunate because I hope that we, with the British, will join in a post-war effort to help the Chinese build up their country.

W. CAMERON FORBES

Norwood, Mass.

* * *

Lt. Edward B. Walsh, '38 was recently awarded a citation for meritorious air achievement in heavy transport airplanes in the Burma, and Southwest China zones, a part of the India-China Wing of the Air Transport Command.

* * *

In May, Leonard Bernstein, a Latin School alumnus, received the New York Music Critics' Award, which is given annually to the composer of the best American piece of music. The work which won the award was Bernstein's Symphony Number One, popularly known as "Jeremiah."

The young composer was graduated from Latin School in 1935. Here he was an excellent student, taking the Modern and Classical Prizes in 1930 and 1933 respectively. In the year of his graduation, he won the Music Prize. During the same year, he was President of the Glee Club, and wrote the music for the Class Song.

He continued his education at Harvard. After his graduation from college, Dr. Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, took him to the Stockbridge Music Festival in the Berkshires, and for two years taught his promising pupil the intricacies of conducting. Bernstein was given his big opportunity when, as assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic, he acted as substitute for Guest Conductor

Bruno Walter, who had been taken ill. With only a few hours' notice, he took over and gave a masterful performance.

Recently Bernstein has been guest conductor at "Pops", and pianist at a great benefit performance at the Boston Opera House. For the past month a smash-hit ballet, the music for which he composed, is being performed in New York. Undoubtedly Bernstein is destined for a long and brilliant career.

WATCH THE BIRDIE

I had decided that I should not keep my public waiting any longer. Therefore, wishing to add my odd photograph to the rare and amusing collection of "pans" that Mr. Dunn already has, I dressed in my "Sunday-best" and proceeded to the studio of one W. K. Vantine.

Arrived, I saw horrible pictures in a showcase outside, with a sign that read "We Can Take a Picture of You, so that Even You Won't Know Yourself." After taking a look at the portraits, I readily agreed; but, finally, after some mental debating, I decided to face the music.

I walked up two flights into the office of Warren K. Vantine. A saleswoman asked me if she could be of assistance and, after I had explained my plight, she filled out a blank, asked for two dollars, and told me to sit down. I did not know it then, but that was just the beginning of my handing out cash. In ten minutes, a door opened, and a little man stuck out his polished dome, took a slip from the spindle, looked at it, and then said, "Is there a Hunter in the house?" I carefully made my way into the room, and the door slammed behind me. I knew my fate had come. The man ordered me onto a little wooden seat surrounded with lights. Then he started to adjust the lights. First he lowered one; then raised another. After thinking over the situation, he changed his mind, and

started all over again. I could have saved the poor fellow that bother by telling him that light enough would come from his shiny pate. After monkeying around for some time, he agreed that the lighting was satisfactory (It was exactly as it was when I came in). Then he told me to lower my shoulders, raise my head and turn slightly to the right. After going through a thousand contortions, I was finally in a position that satisfied him. He cracked a few humorless jokes but I smiled to make the fellow happy. Meanwhile he snapped a few pictures. Finally, he let me go, telling me that proofs would be sent to me.

A week later I received an envelope from Vantine Studio. I stared open-mouthed at the proofs. To my amazement, I had long, black hair with curls and wore a pretty dress with a white lace collar. I looked in the mirror to convince myself that I had not changed so radically. Just a slight mistake in identity! The next day I took them back. After apologies had been extended and I had been given proofs that more nearly resembled me, I departed.

A week later I returned the proofs, intending to buy the least possible number. But the saleswoman started to tell me how lovely they were, and how I should have to take at least a dozen

and a half; and that if I took two dozen, it would be cheaper. Before leaving, I had paid fourteen dollars for pictures and two dollars for a frame for the enlargement; and I considered myself very lucky to get away with even my shirt.

Today all I have to show for my six-

teen dollars is a little paper receipt and two dozen horrible photographs of somebody who looks like Elmer Snerd. Incidentally, if you ever hear some one calling after me "H'ya, Babe!" you will understand where I got by nickname.

R. M. HUNTER, '45



DID YOU KNOW THAT

. . . Five of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence were graduates of the Boston Latin School . . .

. . . Four of our boys—namely, John Leverett, Samuel Langdon, Edward Everett, and Charles William Eliot—were presidents of Harvard University.

. . . Though the Latin School celebrated its three hundredth anniversary in the year 1935, nevertheless, the school had not been in operation for three hundred years. Due to British activities in Boston during the Revolutionary War, the Latin School was closed from April 19, 1775, until June 1776, a period of over a year.

. . . Though the early Latin School was a grammar school and though it instructed boys as young as nine or ten in the translation of difficult classical works, it did not teach the pupils how to write. Thus, each day, the students were compelled to attend not only the Boston Latin School, but also the South Writing School. . . .

. . . It was not until more than a hundred and fifty years after the founding of the Latin School that girls were given an opportunity to educate themselves. At approximately the same time that this new step in education was

taken a law was passed stating that one must reach the age of ten before entering the Latin School. Previous to this children as young as seven had studied in this classical institute. . .

. . . John Leverett, having then graduated from this school, went to England and gained military distinction fighting side by side with Cromwell. Later he was appointed Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony.

. . . A Latin School boy, Benjamin Franklin, was the first foreign diplomat of the United States of America. A member of the first American Congress and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, he concluded the Treaty of Alliance with France, a pact without which the Revolutionary cause might have been doomed. Later on, he signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain.

. . . Even before the Declaration of Independence, three of our boys—namely, William Stoughton, Jonathan Belcher, and John Leverett—had received the governorship of the colony of Massachusetts. . .

. . . The Boston Latin School was not the first public *High School* in America; English High has that distinction.



I.

CANDID CLASSROOM SHOTS



2.

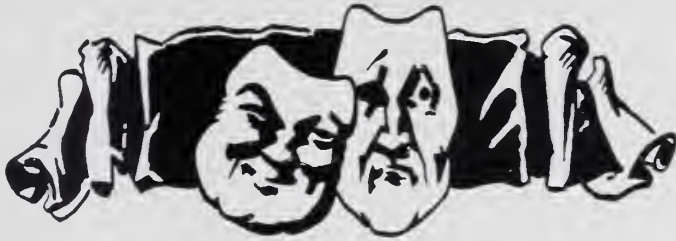


3.

1. MR. WALES

2. MR. CLEARY

3. MR. RUSSO



The reporter was sent to write up a charity ball. Next day the editor called him to his desk.

"Look here, what do you mean by this? 'Among the most beautiful girls was Horatio Lucian Dingley.' Why, you crazy idiot! Old Dingley isn't a girl—and besides, he's one of our principal stockholders."

"I can't help that," returned the realistic reporter, "that's where he was."

* * *

Professor: "All right, now I'm going to give you a sentence: 'Let the cow out of the yard.' What mood?"

Freshman: "The cow."

* * *

Then there was the test answer in reply to the question "Define a bolt and nut and explain the difference, if any."

And the student wrote:

"A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal such as iron with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole.

* * *

"Mother dear," said Little Audrey, "would you mind getting up from that chair for a moment so that I can see if the kitty's still asleep?"

THEY FILLED IN THE BLANKS!

(Found among insurance reports to the British Medical Journal)

Mother died in infancy.

Father went to bed feeling well and next morning woke up dead.

Applicant has never been fatally ill.

Grandmother died from gun shot wound caused by an arrow shot by an Indian.

Father died suddenly; nothing serious.

Mother's last illness was chronic rheumatism but she was cured before death.

* * *

Overheard at the Bureau of Naturalization:

"Where is Washington?"

"He's dead."

"I mean the Capital of the United States."

"Oh, they loaned it all to Europe."

"Do you promise to support the Constitution?"

"Me? How can I? I've a wife and six children to support."

* * *

"That means fight where I come from!"

"Well, why don't you fight, then?"

"Cause I ain't where I come from!"

"Gentlemen," said the jurist, "money is not all. Money will not mend a broken heart or reassemble the fragments of a dream. Money cannot brighten the hearth nor repair the shattered home." He paused, then concluded: "I refer, of course, to Confederate money."

—*"I Wish I'd Said That!"*

* * *

Gosh, but I'm overworked.

What are you doing?

Oh, this and that.

When?

Now and then.

Where?

Here and there.

You sure do need a vacation.

* * *

The strong man was on the local theatre stage. From his attendant he took a juicy lemon.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the strong man, "I promise to give one hundred dollars to any man that can squeeze another drop of juice from this lemon after I have gotten through squeezing it myself."

Thereupon the strong man squeezed. He squeezed and squeezed and squeezed.

Finally, when the lemon was a dry rind, six men from the audience came up to the stage. And they squeezed and squeezed and squeezed the lemon in turn, but not a drop was forthcoming.

Finally, a meek little man, about five feet one, stepped up to the stage and took the lemon. He squeezed the lemon, and immediately a glassful of juice issued forth.

"Tell me," said the strong man ruefully, "how did you manage to do that, after the six men had all failed?"

"Easy," said the little man, "I'm manager of a chain store."

* * *

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the toastmaster, "we have with us an unusual specimen. You have only to put a dinner in his mouth, and out comes a speech!"

The gentleman thus called upon wiped his lips with his napkin, arose briskly and said:

"Before I go on, I should first like to call your attention to our genial toastmaster, who is also unusual. You have only to put a speech in his mouth, and out comes your dinner!"

—*"I Wish I'd Said That!"*

I started my lunch at 9:01
By twelve o'clock I'm through;
Thus have I time, when I am done,
Some hurried trans. to do.

At home I study oft till late,
The night before the test;
Yet then, oh, wondrous to relate!
I do not come out best.

Some there are who homework do
Each night, ere going to bed;

Yet I would not their cards of blue
Exchange for mine of red.

More like I shall not graduate
From here; but if it be
That it will be allowed by Fate,
'Twill be in '53!

Take thou from me this lesson tart:
Sail not these waters choppy,
O innocent, who entering art!
(To other "mags": don't copy.)



We Know Our Under-grads

THE UNDER-GRADS OF NEW ENGLAND KNOW US

There is a bond of good will that exists between Kennedy's and the smart young men of New England. Our many years of experience in satisfying their demands for their special kind of clothes . . . the right styles at the right time . . . have given us a place in their wardrobe planning that we are indeed proud to have. And parents are just as enthusiastic in their approval of prices which are geared to the times.

FAMOUS UNDER-GRAD SHOP

KENNEDY'S

DICTIONARIES
REFERENCE BOOKS
BIOGRAPHIES
HISTORIES
STANDARD SETS
NOVELS

We Handle a Complete Line of New
and Used Books of All Publishers

DEWOLFE & FISKE CO.
THE ARCHWAY BOOKSTORE

2 PARK ST., BOSTON Tel. LAF. 5084
BOOKSELLERS SINCE 1856

**BOSTON LINOTYPE PRINT
INC.**

*Printing of All Kinds at
Lowest Prices*

270 CONGRESS ST.
One door from Atlantic Ave.
Block from South Station

Telephones
HANcock 4703, 4704, 4705

Please mention The Register

Warren K. Vantine Studios



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR
CLASS OF 1944



160 Boylston Street
Boston, Mass.

Please mention The Register